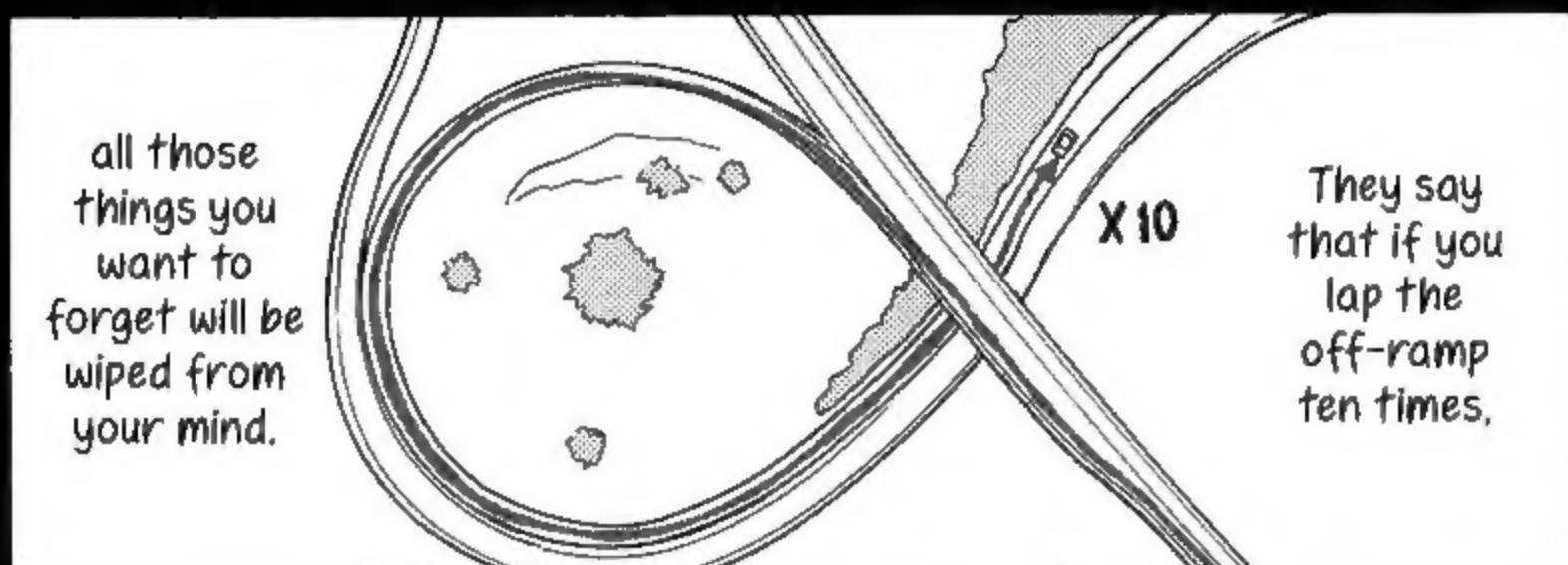




Interchange





all those
things you
want to
forget will be
wiped from
your mind.

They say
that if you
lap the
off-ramp
ten times,



What.
you've
never
heard of
it?

It's like a
spell... or
maybe you'd
call it an
urban
legend?



I mean,
you want
to escape
from your
memories.

The
on-ramp
loop won't
work.



But I'd be
lonely by
myself—

If you
want to
forget your
old flame,
do it on
your own
time.

...So why'd
you drag me
along for
the ride?

It wound up being the
starting point of our own
relationship.

I wasn't busy, so I went
along when he asked
for company on a
post-breakup drive.



It only lasted
for a couple
months.



but Ayumu
and I dated.





And repeat.

Once I exit
the ramp,

I go through
the side streets
and get back on
the highway.



WE
DATED...

BUT
HE FELT
MORE
LIKE A
LITTLE
BROTHER,
HUH...



Just three
more loops
till I lose any
lingering
attachment
to my ex.

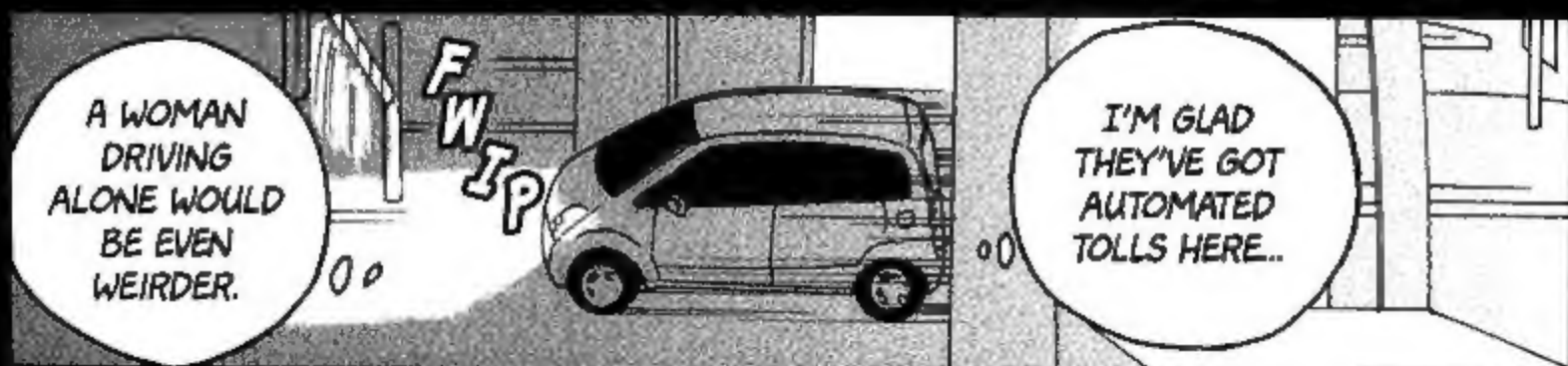
...?
How many
times are
you going
through?



Oh,
that was
plenty
sketchy!

I didn't
want him to
think I'm
some sketchy
character!

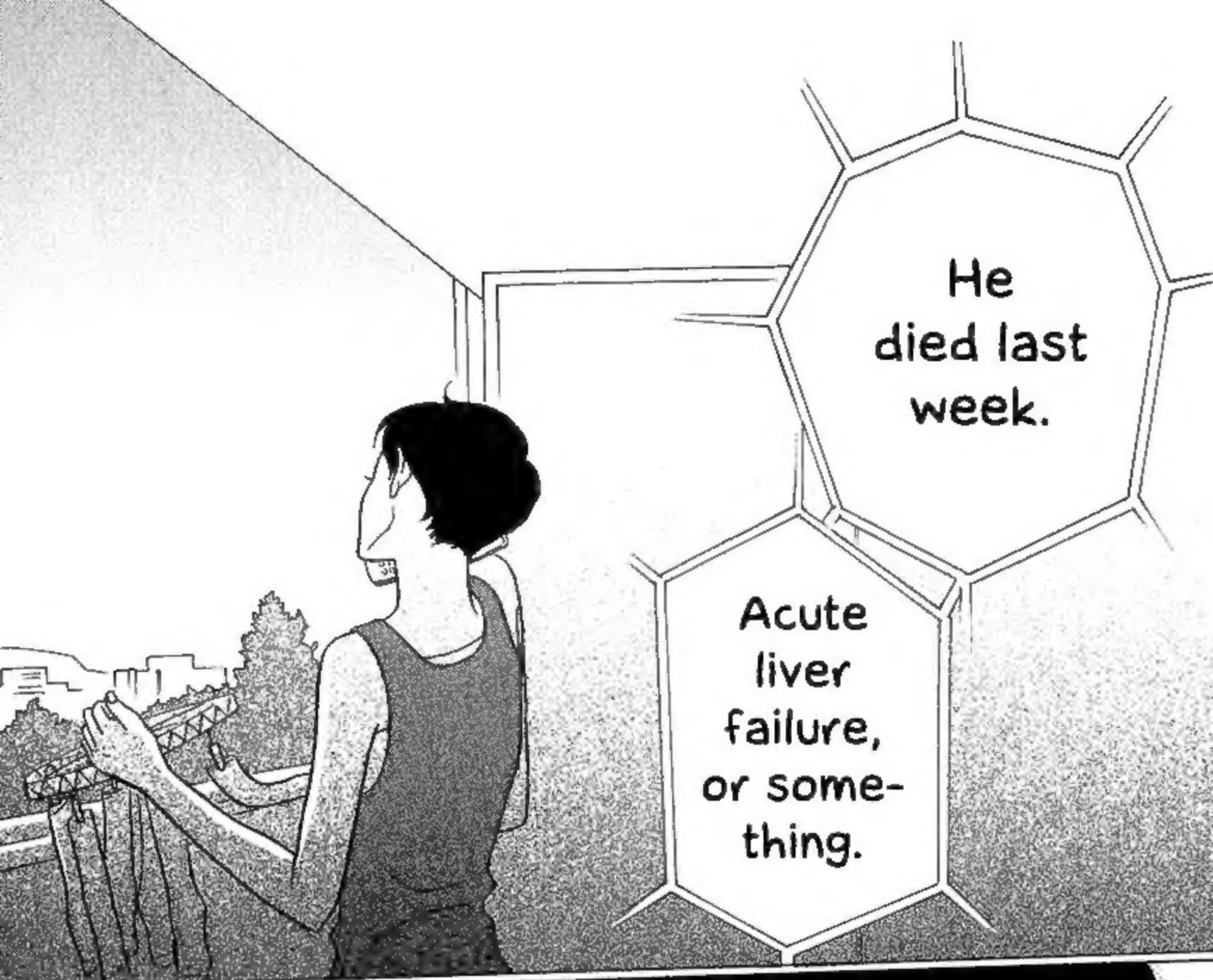
You idiot,
HA why'd you
HA tell him
HA that?



A WOMAN
DRIVING
ALONE WOULD
BE EVEN
WEIRDER.

I'M GLAD
THEY'VE GOT
AUTOMATED
TOLLS HERE...





He
died last
week.

Acute
liver
failure,
or some-
thing.



and to be perfectly
honest, I'd completely
forgotten about him.

It had been
five years
since we
dated,

but
I wasn't
really
flooded
with grief.

It hit
me by
surprise,





that slowly
spilled out
of me.



LAP NINE.

Instead of
tears,

it was the
memories I'd
forgotten



And before
I knew it,

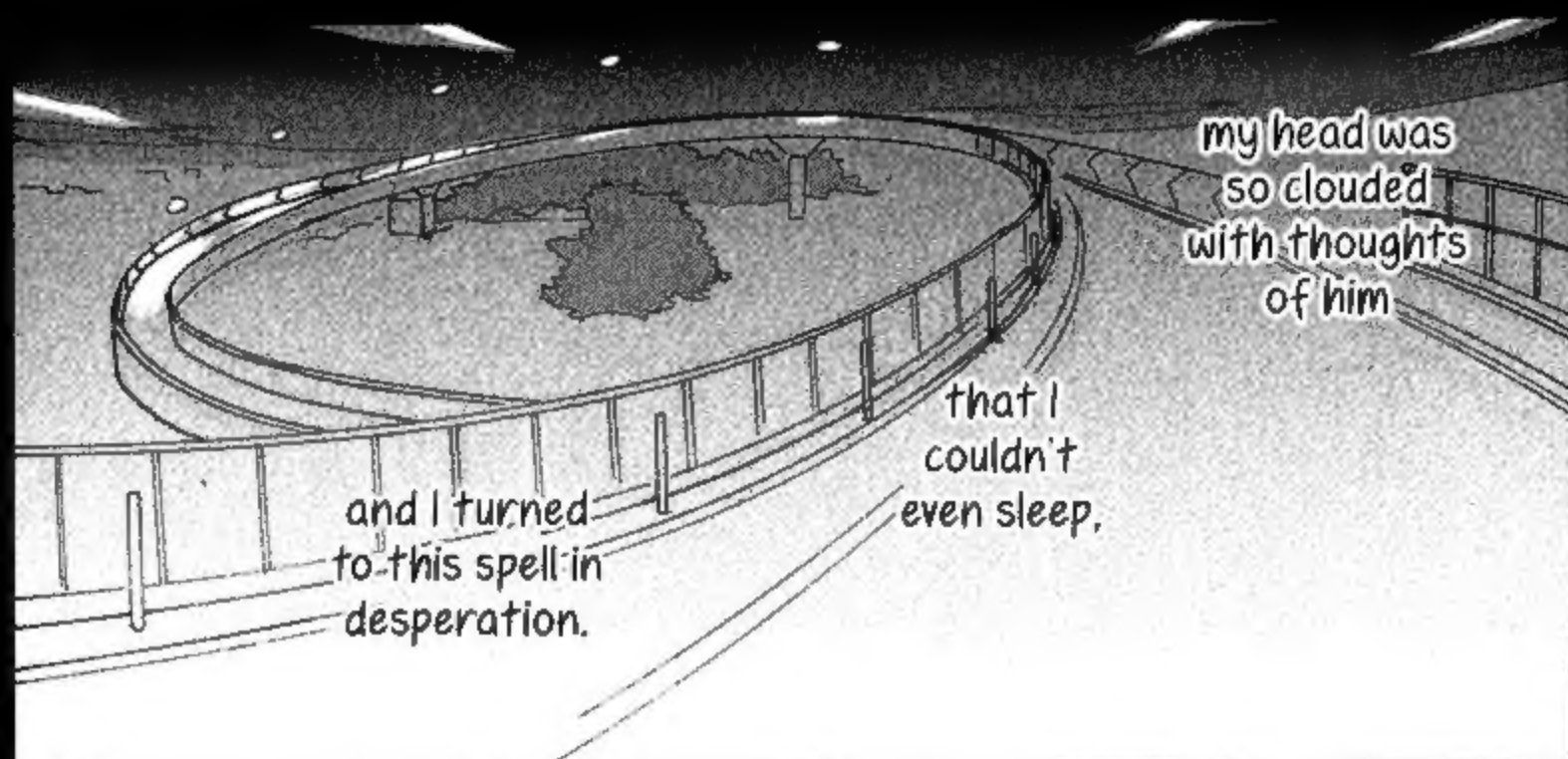


The smell of him.
His heartbeat.

They came back
to me one after
the other.

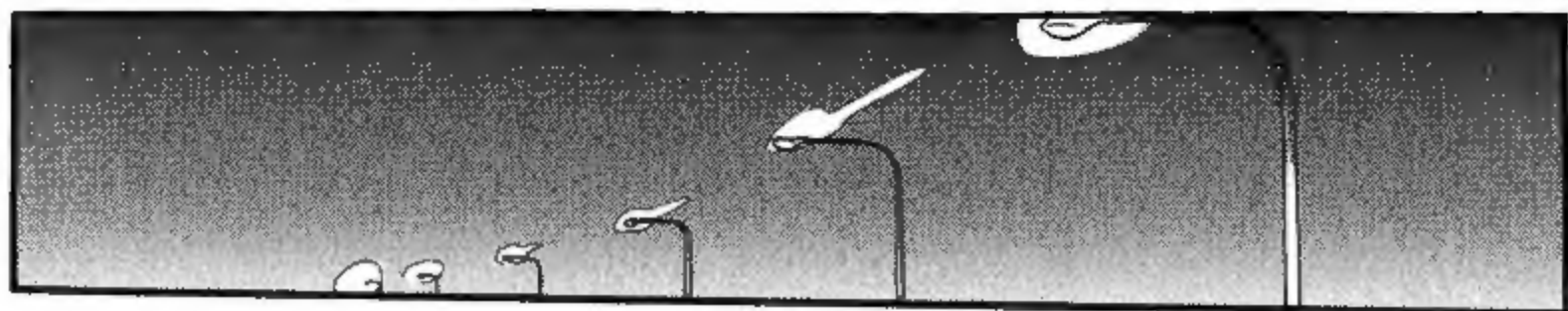


The
heat
of his
body.









I couldn't
help but
adore him.



Back
then,

I felt the
same.

fluttering in
the wind.



I loved
watching
Ayumu's
fine hair





Goodbye.

I'll never
forget you.



The night
wind feels
cool on my
cheeks.

I have
a feeling
I'll be
able to
sleep well
tonight.

"Interchange" End